

# A NEWE

Enterlude of Alice Conceyninge, the  
Hystorie of Horestes with the cruell  
reuegement of his fathers death,  
vpon his one naturall Mother.  
by John Plesiering.

## The players names.

The Alice,	Cletemnestra.	Hodper.	Trathe.
Kusticus.	Hallterfiche.	Robulle.	Fame.
Hodge.	Hempstryng.	Sature.	Hermione.
Horestes.	Hellor.	Houlson.	Deuotep.
Idumeus.	Penelous.	Harranb.	Hestenger.
Councell.	A woman.	Hodper.	Egeus.
			Commons.

## The names deuised for vs. to playe.

The first the Alice and Sature. and Deuotep. 3.

2. Kusticus. Idumeus. 1. Hodper. Penelous. & Robulle. 1.

3. Hodge. Counsell. Hestenger. Hellor. & Commons. 1.

4. Horestes. a woman. & Hologure. 1.

5. Hallterfiche. Hodper. Egeus. Harranb. Fame. Trath  
and Idumeus. 7.

6. Hempstryng. Cletemnestra. Houlson. & Hermione. 4.

Printed at London in Fleetestrete, at the  
signe of the Falcon by William Wyntich. and  
are to be solde at his shoppe in S. Dunstons  
Churcheyarde. Anno. 1567.

A NEW



11/12





Wyll may soft, what let me see,  
 God morrowe to you say, how do you fare?  
 Kater a men. I thincke it wyll be,  
 the next day in y morning, before I com thear.  
 Well forwarde I wyll, for to prepare,  
 Some weapon & armour, & catines to quell,  
 I'll teache the hurchetes, agayne to rebell.  
 Rebell: ye say, how saye you there to?  
 What: you had not beste their partes to take:  
 Shoulde the content foole, and do as I do,  
 Or elles me chauce, your pate for to ake.  
 Ye and that more, for seare thou shalt quake,  
 Before Hozelles, when in good south be,  
 Shall arryue in this lande, reuenged to be.  
 Well forwarde I wyll, thynges to pouruaye,  
 In good south for the swares, as I shall thincke good.  
 Farre well good man dotterell, and marke what I saye,  
 Or elles it may chauce you, to seke a new hoad:  
 You would eate no more cakbread, I thinke then by y roud,  
 If that, that same poulle from your shouderes were hent,  
 You would thincke you were yll, if so you were hent.

Rusticus.

Hear en-  
 cryth Ru-  
 sticus, &  
 hodge.

Chyll neuer naboze hodge, haue a glade harte,  
 Tyll Egistous the kynge, hath for his desarte:  
 Received be in punishment, for this well I knowe,  
 Hozelles to Crete, with y damons dyd go.  
 When his father was layne, by his Dother most yll,  
 And therefore I thincke, that com heather he wyll:  
 And reuenge the iniure, of his mother most dyare,  
 Wastinge our land with wynde, and with byare.

Hodge.

Jestu naboze, with byar and y wynde: saye you for  
 By gys naboze, chyll: aye one y tro:  
 For the haue smaull good, by gise for to lose,  
 And therefore seke care not, how euer it gese.  
 But chyll not be slayne, chyll loue nothyng woode,  
 Chyll neuer be boumt, for the mony in my pource,

A. ff.

3che

**A New Enterlude.**

Iche haue small roudbockes, and sobyers I kno,  
Wtill I robbe the riche choyled, and let the poore knaues go.

A squire, nowe stepe, and pause their a while,  
Be not to hasty, but take all the daye:  
Be God I am weare, with comming this myle,  
And hauing no money, my horse beare to paye.  
Wtill ho holo, I rode on my fete, all the waye,  
Jesu what ground, since yesternoy at none,  
Haue I gut thozow, with this pare of shoue.

Nayboz hodge, be goge hatche none I beare,  
That this lyttell houchet, the debayance both beare.  
Come let vs go, and of him in good south,  
We woll conquear out, the bereytrith.

Purchyt, goges ourdes gippe with a tongon,  
Ar you so lousky, in sayth good man cloude.  
Dundes, hart, and nayles, this is a feanton,  
Ile teache you to floute me, I bound you a pounde.  
O that it weare not, in sayth soz my gound,  
It wyl I be knoe but, pet soz all chat.

**Flgde**

**Hodge.**  
Would good master, you make my new bat.

Ha, ha, he, may his bat quoth he: thear was all his thought,  
Tont tout, soz the blase he set not a penn.  
That garment is dyer, that with blase is bought,  
Well seras to in treat me, syth you begen:  
I am contentyd, my blade note shall in.  
But tell me syles tell me no whearefoze of me,  
The cause on this sozt, your taulkynge should be.

**Kusticus.**  
By gis and sche chyll master, soz all my great payne,  
Of this matter to you to tell the beary plaigne.  
My nayboz hodge and I, in good south,  
Not hear in the belde, I tell you the truth:  
Now as we wear talkinge, marke what I saye.

**You**



you came in straight, and of vs cross the waye.  
 Which thinge for iartyn. when I dyd espye,  
 This fancey blouncht, in my head by and by:  
 And to hodge I sayde that, by gys I dyd beare,  
 That your mallyce, good master the debyaunce doth beare,  
 And he cause you weare lytell, and of stature but smaulle:  
 Your person a hounchet, in sayth I dyd saull.  
 But by gys be contentyd, boz shyll neener more,  
 Of bend you a gaine, but cham: orey thearuoze.

If they were not twayne, I cared not a peny;  
 But this is to meyne, the prouerbe south telly:  
 Elles be his oundes, I would to hard this logyt,  
 And teache them agaynst me, againe to rebelle.  
 That I wear abull, the knaues boz to quell,  
 When would I tryompe, pallinge all measure.

Zentyll man zentyll man, at your ower pleasure;  
 In sayth we be, and thearuoze we paze,  
 What they name, is to vs boz to paze.

My name would ye kno, murderyon thaul;  
 Marke frynde, to wit to the I will it declare:  
 Paster pacience master pacience, many on both the cull;  
 But com heather nabor hodge, thou must haue a shak.  
 By gys into the I will not spare,  
 The same for to shoue, whearfor my frend,  
 My name is pacience if thou it perpend.

Past shame: Godes ge may boz past shame;  
 By godes he nabor thines a trycom name.

Tell a mare a tall, and shyll gerd out a fart  
 Se how the as my wordes, south my stroke;  
 Would it not anger a saynt at the hart?  
 No se what a scoffe of my name, he doth make:  
 O oundes of me, as still as a stake.  
 He standith, nought caring what of him may be sayde.

**A. Petit Enterlud.**

Be his woundes, I wold haue a arme, or a syde.  
 Dought let me se, it is best to be styll,  
 Good slepinge in a hole skynne, oulde soules do saye,  
 Not withstanding I wis, ill haue myne owne wyll.  
 Saye I wyll be reuenged, by his woundes and I maye,  
 Byra you good man Rusticus, marke what I saye:  
 Marke in thine eare man, this wyd I see,  
 A hogg of thyne wearyed to be.

**Rusticus.**

Godes gie maister patience, I praye you me tell,  
 What bozlen choyles dogge, my hogge so wyd quell;  
 Iche sware by gile, and helpe saynt blyne,  
 Chyll be twinge him, and ich be a lyne,  
 By godes de chaun angry, and not well content,  
 Chould ha wear heare, chould make him repent,  
 Ich had rather geuen, hys styph of coppe gyll,  
 When to had my hogge on this tynsefolme;  
 But if I knowe whous dogge chould be myn,  
 Reuenged well inough ich be warrent the.

**Wyce.**

Ha, ha, he, by god Rusticus, I maye saye in no game,  
 I knowe the person, whose dogge so bid slayes,  
 My hogge spee the man, it was a beareys hame,  
 For the naphox hodge, to let it by this daye,  
 Well I wyll go to him, and se if I maye,  
 By any meanes procure him, to make the amendes;  
 I'll do the best I can, to make you both frendes.

**Rusticus.**

Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged,  
 Wyll ich be hane that oulde hark, wel and thyslele hanged,  
 And tweare not your maschyppe, wyd me with houlde,  
 As swing the ouchet, ich chould be houlde,

**Wyce.**

Ha, ha, he, nay, nay, spare not for me,  
 Go to it stragght, if thear to ye gre,

**Rusticus.**

Hodge I harde saye, thou illy, hast wrought,  
 For my hogge vnto death, with thi dog thou haste brought.

**Ich**



Iche byd the thy baute, to me to amende.

Oz chyll; waddell the, iche; weare in my hat ande!

Waddell me godes gete chyll care not a poynte.

Iche haue a good bat, thy bones to a hospital in a daye.

Thou olde carle I saye, thy hogs bartyd me,

And therefore I wyll haue, a mended note of the.

Pyrye and my otes, my beanes and my pease,

They haue eaten by quight, but small for my ease:

And therefore iche paye, all thy hogges kepe baute.

Oz iche wyll them weare, as longe as they laste.

By godes gete, I can neuer come in my ground,

But that same wyne, in my pease iche haue founde.

Wych.

Tout tout Kusticus, these wordes be but wynd.

To him man, to him, and waddell him well:

We neuer leane him, as longe as thou can fynd.

Him to hot, but teache him, a gaine to rebell,

What nedest thou to care, though his wordes be faill,

Tout tout tharte vniwysle, and followe my mynde:

And I warraunt the in end, some ease thou shalt fynde.

Kusticus.

Godes ge' hounson hogs, paye me for my wyne,

Oz eles lerne to kepe, that cockes come of thyne.

Wych.

Godes be, do thy worst, I care not a poynte,

Chyll paye the none, chyll sobard a topynte.

Wych.

Pay stand I styll some what, I well leue,

Take this for a reward, now a wage I shall leue.

Kusticus.

O Godes gete, cham; wylged to jore,

Iche thynke chaul neuer lyue one houre more.

Wych.

O godes ge' I thynke, my betwenes will fynde,

Of ich gete some by ge, lites a wounden.

Farewell Kusticus, for by ge ich chaul,

When I meete the againe, beynge the wyll.

A. liff. Kusticus

Up with  
the star,  
be ready  
to smyte,  
but hodge  
smite first,  
and let p  
dise thwa  
cke them  
both and  
run out.

**A New Enterlude.**

**Saye I praye be frendes, and chyll in good part;**  
**Of byowne ale at my house, giue the a whole whart;**  
**What be ye? what houses? when be merry and launce;**  
**By godes ge ich hope not, the best end of the steele and lance.**

**go out**

**Cham canten by my Musicians, shauld be ene so,**  
**Come to they house, I praye the let us go.**

**Entrich.**

**No could I might the cruel rage of mothers yll attempt**  
**Proouokes me to be all pittie quight, from me to be exempt;**  
**Yet lo dame nature telles me that, I must bechilling mynd**  
**For giue the same and to pittie, some what to be inclind.**  
**But lo be hould that bitters dame, on hourdome mojdor bill**  
**Path heaped by not contented, her spontantz hed to fyll:**  
**With so rayne lone but sought also, my sear chyd to share**  
**As erst before my fathers fyll, in soulder she dyd pare.**  
**O paterne loue, why double thou so, of pitey me request,**  
**Why thou trait must quight denyd, my mother being prest:**  
**When tender yeres this corpe of mine, did hould alas for wo**  
**Wha frend my mother shuld haue bin the was she chere my so**  
**Oh godes therfore sith you be iust, vnto whose poure & wyll,**  
**All thing in heauen, and earth also obeye and serue but yll.**  
**Declare to me your gracious mynd, shall I reuenged be,**  
**Of good kynge A gawmone, death, ye godes declare to me**  
**Oh shall I let the, adulteres dame, fyll wallow in her sin,**  
**Oh godes of war, giue me a right, when I shall war begyn.**

**Exe.**

**Warre quoth he, I swear in dede, and tye it by the, sworde,**  
**God saugous y, the godes to ye; haue sent this kind of word**  
**That in the hall you armour take, your fathers soke to daye**  
**And I as yett with you shall go, to gyde you on the way.**  
**By me the mynd that wyathful dame, shal be performd in dede**  
**Therefore Horettes marke me well, & forward do procede.**  
**For to reuenge the fathers death, for this they all haue ment**  
**Wha hich thing for to demonstrat lo, to the they haue sent me,**  
**Horettes.**

**At you good for, the messenger of godes as you do saye**  
**Exe.**



Will they in renenging this tolong, I make not long delay.  
What neede you doubt, I was in heauen, whē the gods did gre  
What part of vengeance death, for south reuenged should be  
Wout tēte part of that childly love, couldst thou to a god with  
Whent to death that one should to, they father seme to kille.  
Why wouldest thou, leane of I say, plucke courage unto the  
This lamentation some shall take, if thou imbracest me.  
What is thy name whē I in queare, I faced might I pray  
Declare to me, I toke this care, be hold my hart dismay.  
Amonge the gods celestially, I Courage called am, and I  
You to aske in ventrepitche, from out the heauens I came  
And not wout god Parls his leane, I durst bear show my face  
Which thou shalstele if that ther gite thou do, sozthw imbrace  
And sith it is their grationis will, welcom thou art to me,  
I bold wight for this their gite, I thanks them hartelley.  
My thynkes I se all feate to slep, all sorrow grieve & payne,  
My thynkes I se all courage prouoked, my toll for ward againe  
For to reuenge my fathers death, and infamy so great,  
Oh hold my hart doth boyle in dede, as firey perching heate.  
Courage now welcom by the gods, I find thou art in dede,  
A messenger of heauenly gottes, come let us now procede.  
And take in hand to bringe the pay, reuenged for to be,  
Of those which haue my fathers name, but soft now let me se  
Idumen, that woorthy kinge, doth com into this place,  
What saye you courage, what I now declare to him my case.  
I will to it ther and sticke no time, so tyme once pass away.  
Doth cause repentence, but to late to com old soules do say.  
Whē ben stode is tolen, to late it is to hēte the stable doze.  
Take time I say, while time doth gine a leasure god therfore  
What er he be that keptat beates of rules in state full hie  
Is onest down though so, times eue, I brought to myfere,  
As of late yeares the woorthy kinge, I mention by name,  
B.J. whole

# A Fewer Interlude.

whose place throughout the world is blown, by goldē trip of fame  
 His wel won fame in marshall Courge, both reache vnto þe sky  
 Yet is through fortune blind attempt, bedo in earth both tie  
 And I haue thus the fate of love, what channer was equal for  
 To fight for love's sake, in mighte blacke, in rolpe of more  
 And by which sometime his delight, in clothed coat of mayle,  
 In his courtlyng in the day, both over the boughs to sayle  
 That Iose upon þe fatall bankes, of Plinthie kingdome great  
 And that in shade of silent woden, and vales greene do beate.  
 Yet here I see of kinges, euen righte appointed as to be  
 In quiet state, where all is this, in the day, as to be  
 Of south I love for to behold, howes adorne cheare,  
 The which in father's house, I see, in the day, as to be  
 But where is he that all this day, in the day, as to be  
 At hand, in the day, as to be, which in the day, as to be  
 All haue with happy fate certayne, in pleasures many soule,  
 But yet my love, as to be, if I might be, as to be  
 To cause the same, my love, as to be, if I might be, as to be  
 Vnto the thing with very much, in the day, as to be  
 But that thing is that if we suppose, it launfull for to be,  
 In p'p'ose faith without delay, it shall be given the day,  
 I out be, in the day, as to be, in good south, as to be  
 I was not so fast, my purpose to get, in the day, as to be  
 But now of my honesty, I tell you of truth, in the day, as to be  
 In reuenging the wrong, his mynd he hath set, in the day, as to be  
 He is not Iohnes that hath power to let, in the day, as to be  
 Howes fro sekinge his mother to kill,  
 Howes by him alone, in the day, as to be, in the day, as to be  
 With that your grace hath willed me, this my desire to showe,  
 Oh gracious king this thing it is, I let your grace to knowe  
 That long I haue request to be, my fathers kingley place,  
 And he for to reuenge the wrong done to my fathers grace  
 In myne intent wherefore I king, I pray that without delay  
 I maye see and hono' che, as to be, as to be, as to be  
 I praye to a R

Benll do  
 wne.



Step there a while Hoyses mine, till counsell do decree?  
 The thing that shall into your state, most honourable be,  
 My counsell shall in you thinke, let he your counsell be.  
 How th'oughton by the thing which Hoyses now doth see  
 And thus the counsel of the lord, it shall be nothing ill,  
 A counsell for to be given he, on those which so do will,  
 His fathers: grace but rather shall, it be a seare to those,  
 Who in the like of any time, shall my will vnderstand  
 And also as I thinke it shall, in honour to the lord of shining  
 The counsell shall be given, with some men to be  
 Whom I thinke most fittest for, your state and also  
 Do as you list, sith that your grace, my mind herein doth know.

Sith Counsell thinke it fit in deed, reuenged for to be.  
 What you Hoyses in good faith, for to reuenge I see.  
 And also to mayntaine your name, I grant you to good will,  
 A thousand men of stomake bold, your enemy to kill.  
 Take them forth with a few word, let he no more be told.  
 For chance to leasure to be bound, I tell you can not hold  
 So therefore straight prouide your men, a like a manly knight  
 In place of stouer put forth the selfe, as in all the night.  
 To win the same, for glorie sake, in chace being both  
 Marke what I say to get the men, I take it for the best.

Com on Hoyses sith thou hast, obtained thy desire.  
 Out tout man, like to a horse, as both the running fire.  
 Whose property thou knowest both good, as long as any thing  
 Is left wher by the same may come, some lucke to bring.

Hoyses  
 I thanke your grace I shall requite, your graces mind herein.

Hoyses  
 He se I praye you how he saye, that he shall war begin.

Hoyses  
 My counsell now declare to me, how thinke you by this night  
 Doth not be seme in faith to be, in some a manly knight.  
 By all the godes I thinke in faith, a man may easily find.

Hoyses

Go out.

Go out.

**A. Peter's Enterlud.**

Whose son he was, so right he with his fathers steppes followe  
 Undoubtedly my soveraigne to see, he leaveth I became  
 Peter request his fathers steppes, in fates of the world  
 But rather to pro intimate, the flower of great nobility  
 I meane Achilles that same night, by whose one only hand  
 The Trojans have obtained at length the conquest of the world  
 For which they did hold p. Peter spake their labors great employ  
 Such is your to be paragon, such things as shall in need  
 Suffice to serve his count in wars, whereof he that shall see  
 Not as a conqueror but as a friend, returning neither wages  
 To sit the mallow of his mirth, we will sure take the pain.  
 Go out.

Go out.

**The Song.**

Enter the  
 & syngeth  
 this song  
 to the tune  
 of hane o  
 uer the wa-  
 ter to flo-  
 ride of se-  
 lengers  
 round.



Here well above, that courtly the song  
 To warre we vnto to go: it is good to be the first,  
 It is good to be the first, it is good to be the first  
 Of lovers on a roome.  
 How merley they forward march  
 Their enemies to slay:  
 Their banners they displaye.  
 How want we have the Golden cheere,  
 When others want the same:  
 And sodaynes have soull many feates,  
 Their enemies to tame.  
 They couchinge beare, and boundinge their  
 They breake their sole aspe:  
 And loutrey lades amide the felers,  
 Their ensines do displaye.  
 The drumme and tunc playe loutrely,  
 The troumpet blowe a mayne:  
 And vntrois singes coragiously,  
 Do march befor the trunpe.  
 With speare in reke so true,  
 In arches brighte and gaye:  
 With her argu and trye to,

**Thear**



Ther banners they displaye.

Goges oundes halterfyches, what makes thou heare,  
 What : Jacke hempstinge for him, in his name, in his name,  
 By his oundes I haue sought the some newe the to sell,  
 Halterfyches.

Goges blood what me is, in thowell in hell,  
 In faythe thou art inuolued, thou art in the nation,  
 Doubt thou hear halterfyches, in thowell in hell,  
 Of warres, ye of warres, in thowell in hell,  
 His crytage to my, in thowell in hell,  
 Pay but Jacke hempstinge, in thowell in hell,  
 If thou canst me, in thowell in hell,  
 Halterfyches.

What should thy, in thowell in hell,  
 We be boyse both, in thowell in hell,  
 Halterfyches.

Boye naye be god, though, in thowell in hell,  
 Yet Jacke hempstinge, in thowell in hell,  
 And haue not I an hare, in thowell in hell,  
 Jacke hempstinge, in thowell in hell,  
 If dycke halterfyches, in thowell in hell,  
 Colles neauer bourne, in thowell in hell,  
 Halterfyches.

Ye but if they, in thowell in hell,  
 Yet water dycke halterfyches, in thowell in hell,  
 But hark the, in thowell in hell,  
 And me to wayte on him, in thowell in hell,  
 But hearke thou, in thowell in hell,  
 Now and then to be snappinge, in thowell in hell,  
 But by goges blood halterfyches, in thowell in hell,  
 Take some pytney wenche, in thowell in hell,  
 And be goges blood, in thowell in hell,  
 Halfe of her chargin, in thowell in hell,  
 Halterfyches.

A New Interlude.

Hauterliche good man and woman

As yet for the warre, Jacke hempstinge thou art,

In sayth a lady, is to be a man of warre, I pray you advise you

He is lyke to be mannerly, that hath such a knight,

Under his banner, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

When thou art in fight, thou shalt be halfe,

Then wilt thou be a knight, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Hauterliche.

Goges oundes, hart, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Come of with a myschance, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

By your sword, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

As good a sword, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

on your sword, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

He hath learned his lesson, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

He hath quight for gotten, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Dundes, hart, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

And he be not hanging, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Hauterliche.

Hange me no hanging, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Koube not to hard, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Hauterliche.

flout him, Had better be still, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

of a kycke me, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

on your sword, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Goges bloud good man hauterliche, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

on your sword, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Do not at all be douth but foute, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

What hempstinge I say, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

flout hym In sayth goodman lobcorke, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

on p lipes Goges bloud so to flout me, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Goges bloud so to flout me, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

on your sword, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Why all that I do man, is but in game, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

on your sword, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

give him Take thou that for thy self, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

a box on p Goges bloud so to flout me, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

care For that same on blome, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

Dawes thy sword bylone, I pray you, let us fight, I pray you

on your sword

And

And



And then do the worst, that euer thou can.

And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.

Fright at  
 bootes in  
 sykes

Benjamin

And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
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 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.

Give him  
 a box on y

And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.  
 And then do the worst, that euer thou can.

And then do the worst, that euer thou can.

go out.

Oh gods be prosperous to my cause, & eke preserve my hand.  
 Show now thy deigne in this distress, out of my might I stand.

let y drum

And give to harts & wills alike, where by we may proceed.  
 And let our harts & wills alike, where by we may proceed.

playe and

And of that time aduise them, oh gods now make an end.  
 My harts do cry for thee, my blood doth cry for thee, my blood doth cry for thee.

Bozettes

Till y on her I haue perfovrmed, oh gods your iust subgmet  
 Till y on her I haue perfovrmed, oh gods your iust subgmet.

enter to

Pay my my child to mother's blood to drake the bloody blood  
 Pay my my child to mother's blood to drake the bloody blood.

his men &

So thought at all oh nature can, my purpose now to withstand,  
 Shall I for giue my fathers death, my hart can not agree.

then lette

My father's death in such a sorte, and but euenged to be dead  
 My father's death in such a sorte, and but euenged to be dead.

him knle

And of my fathers death againe, o nature do thou louke.  
 And of my fathers death againe, o nature do thou louke.

downe &

speake.

stand by

# A New Conclude.

I do confesse a wycked fante, this is moost playne,  
 Not wistandig fethers blacke, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Canst thou a layne unhappy wight, consent to be  
 On her whose pappes beate, this is moost playne, bath given foud to the  
 In whose garmes fethers blacke, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Oh now requignt her for thy paine, to draw the hounde from  
 Thee

Who offendeth, thou of god, & the manne lone, tolling bare  
 Spill by the hounde, thou must the hounde refrain  
 For me therfor to punte, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Is not a crime though, thou must the hounde refrain

The cruel beastes, & raig in felde, whose fante is to be  
 Do not consent their mothers paine, in cruel wile to be  
 The tyger fierse both not to be, the wile of his kinde

And shall dange, thou must the hounde refrain  
 As not the cruel beastes, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Leue now I say, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Lest that thou be, thou must the hounde refrain  
 The lawe in south, ne iustice, thou must the hounde refrain

Whose fante is to be, thou must the hounde refrain  
 That thou be, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Oh nature wouldst thou toll, thou must the hounde refrain  
 To saue her life, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Therefore I say, thou must the hounde refrain  
 Of nature cannot by dell the, remember the decape,

Of those which heretofore in south, the parents sought to slay  
 adippus fate, caull thou to minde, that flew his father so,  
 And eke remember now what fame, of him a brode doth go,  
 What fame doth blowe I fofe not I, ne yet what fame I haue  
 For this is true y blood for blood, my fathers deith doth craue  
 And laue of gods, & laue of man, doth eke requite I haue  
 Therefore oh nature cease to praye, I fofe not of my name.



Patrice.

For to lament this heauy fate, I cannot other do,  
A lacke a lacke that once my chyld, should now consent vnto:  
His mothers death in herefoze farewell, I can no longer say. **Go out.**

**Bozellies**  
Farwel dame Patrice to my men, I straight will take my way. **Go out.**

**Yonnens**  
To se this monster let us go, for I suppose it tyme, **Enter.**

Wher is Bozellies why kease he the truth to me define?

**Councell**  
Oh soferayne lord me thinks I here, him for to be at hand **Let h. d. u.**  
yft please your grace, he is in sight, euen now withal **playe.**

**Yonnens**  
Com on Bozellies we haue stayd, your monster for to se. **Let h. d. u.**

**Bozellies**  
And now at hand my men and I, all redy armed be. **playe & en-**

**Yonnens**  
Lo mighty king this champions here, agre with me to wrethe **ter Boze-**

Oh gracious king that they shall so, wylt please you **his to his**

**Yonnens**  
I do agre and now awhyle, giue eare your king vnto, **the a bout**

It doth behouise coragious knightes, on this wyse for to do. **the stage,**

That is to stryue for to obtayne, the victorey and prayse,

That lasts for aye, when death shal end, & find of these our daies

Wherfoze be bold, & feare no fate, the gods for you shall fight

For they be iust and will not se, that you in case of right,

Shall be distressed wherfoze attend, and do your bussey payne,

The crabed rage of enmyse, by force for to restrayne:

And as to me your trustynes, hath here to fore be knowne,

So now to this Bozellies hert, let eke the same be shewne,

Be to his beastes obaydient, be wounte to take in hand,

Such entrepryse which he shal thinke, most for his state to stand

Which if you do the same is yours, the glorey and renowne,

That shal arise of this your facts, throughtout h. world shal sound

The which you may I pray the godes, your gydes here in to be

And now farwell but not that well, that I haue sayd to ye

**Bozellies**

The godes preserue your grace for aye, & you vnto from wo

That we haue sayd you chynas, farwel your grace shal stand

**C. J.**

**Yonnens**

# A piewe Interlud.

Domineus.

Now harken Dorellas sith thou must, of men the gyver be,  
And that the wyll of godes it is, thou must now part from me,  
Take yet my last commaundement, & heare it in thy minde,  
Let now they men courragious be, in the their captayne finde  
As thou art courragious, so thy wyse let them be,  
For safegard of thy men a bwayne, well fraught with pollicye.  
For ouer rashe in doinge ought, both often damage bringe,  
Therefore take counsell first before, thou dost mye thinge.  
For counsell as Plato doth tell, is sure a heauenly thinge.

And so, as a certayne doth say, counsell worketh bryng,  
As brynging in dout for thy sayd, no man shall him repent,

That hath before he worked ought, his tyme in counsell spent

And be thou lyberrall to thy men, and gentell be also,

For þ way at thy will thou mayst, haue them through fire to go

And be that shall at any tyme, be sure ought well of the,

Offer him not for to depart, till well reward he be.

Thou hast, you hard hearted, remembear well the same

In doing thus you shall pourechas, to the immortall fame.

The which I hope you will assaye, for to achyue in dede,

The gods the blis when in þ war, thou forward shall pcede.

Dorellas.

I thanke your grace and now of you, my leave I here do take

Forwell my sonne Dorellas I, thy partinge yll shal take,

Embrace  
him

Yet eare thou go let me embrace, the once I the do praye,

A lacke alacke that now from me, thou must nedes part a way

Yet whyll thou art in present place, receane of me this life,

By him.

Forwell god knight for now I shal, thy frowe in brylling aspe

The sacred godes preserue and saue, thy state ab hanc & praye,

And send the helth and after death, to payne with him & praye,

Come on my men, let he depart, and they shal to brylling aspe

March a-  
bout and  
go out.

As please your grace with all our hart, son and thow shal wone and

Ab, ab, hanc, gennous to his parting, my counsell on me

The gods his blis & son him helth, I pray them brylling aspe



Who worth the time the day and our, now may Hecates wayle  
And Clytemnestra may lament, that so she dyd assayle.

His father deare for now on blood, Hecates mind is set,  
And to reuenge his fathers death, sure nought their is can let.  
In vording of a mischete smal, they haue wrought their decay  
For now nought elles in Hecates, but soe reueng bears sway  
Councell.

For to causes my soferayne lord, reuengment ought to be,  
The on least others be in seate, with that, that they shall se.  
Their princes do, the other is, that those that now be yll,  
May be reuoked and may be taught, for to subde to their will,  
Plato a wyse phylosopher, dyd thinke it so to be,  
A Wynceleye saie when as a King, shall punnishe serlouley,  
Such persons as dyd trayne their lyfe, to follo w was naught  
h which their price at any time, shal by mischaunce haue wrought  
Protegens an euell kinge, a carragne lphonts to,  
Which all the place about the same, to sinke causeth to be.  
Wherefore a king if that her faute, should be reuenged be,  
A thousand sylles would insu, thes of your grace should se.  
Her faute is great and punnyment, it is worthy for to hane,  
For by that meane the good in soue, it bingers may be saue  
For to the byuerfaull scolt, of all the world we knowe,  
Is once the pallace of a kinge, where byes these do flowe.  
And as to waters from on head, and fountayne oft do spring,  
So byce and vertue oft do fle, from pallace of a kinge.  
Wherby the people seing that, the kinge appere to be,  
To prosecute the lyke, they all do lye, as we se.  
Wherefore the gods haue wylled thus, Hecates for to take,  
His iorney and a recompence, for fathers death to make.

Idumena

With gods haue wylde the same to be, god lucke h gods him send  
Com on my counsell now from hence, we purpose for to mend

Egillus



Had was it not a worthy sight,  
Of Venus childe henge from a tree,  
To steale from Cressa hope brenge,  
For whom the wares of Troye began,  
Naught fearinge danger that might fall.

C.H.

Go out.

Enter E  
gillus &  
Clytine,  
Fra, sing  
Lady inge this

songe, to  
the tune of  
king Sa-  
lomon.

## A Petwe Enterlud.

Lady ladie.

From Grece to Troye, he went with all,

O my deare Lady.

Clytemnestra.

When Paris firste arriued there,

Where as dame Penelope is:

And bloustringe fame abzoade byd beare,

His lyueley fame she byd not myn.

To Helena for to repayre,

Her for to tell:

Of prayse and shap so trym and fayre,

That byd excell.

Egeus.

Her beantie caused Paris payne,

And bare chiefe sweye with in his mynde:

No thynge was abell to restraine,

His wyl some waye south for to fynde,

Where by he might haue his despayre,

Lady ladie:

So great in him was Cupids fyre,

O my deare lady:

Clytemnestra.

And eke as Paris byd despayre,

Fayre Helena for to possesse:

Her hart inflamid with lyke fyre,

Of Paris lone despyard no lesse,

And found occasion him to mete,

In Cytheron:

Where each of them the other byd gotte,

The feast bypon.

Egeus.

That in Paris Cupides shalte,

O Clytemnestra toke such place:

That tyme ne waye he neuer left,

Till he had gotte her comley grace,

I thinke my chaire not ill to be

Lady ladie:

That bentyd lyfe to purchase ye,



My dere ladye.

Clytemnestra.

Myng Prianes, some loved not so soze,

The gretian dame they brothers wyfe:

But she his person esteemed more,

Not for his sake sauinge her lyfe.

Which caused her people to be slayne,

With him to flye.

And he requight her loue a gayne,

Post saythfull ye.

Cygnus.

And as he recompence agayne,

The sayre quene Hellye for the same:

So whyle I lyue I will take payne,

My will alwayes to yours to frame,

Syth that you haue vantage to be,

Ladye ladye.

A Quene and ladye into me,

My deare ladye.

Clytemnestra.

And as she louyd him best whyle lyfe,

Dyd last so tend I you to do:

If that deuoyd of warr and stryfe,

The Godes shall please to graunt vnto,

Syth you vantagest me for to take,

My good knyght:

And me thy ladye for to make,

My hartes delecte.

Cygnus.

As soylfull as the swaright god is vnto to behoude,

So is my hart repleate with sope, much more a thousand soules

Oh Lady deare in that I do, posses my hartes delecte,

What menes this sound for very much, it doth my hart assight

Clytemnestra.

Feare nought at all Cygnus myne, no doubt it doth pretend,

But lo me thinkes a messenger, to be beather both wend,

Messenger.

The Godes ppeasur your equal state & send you of their blys

Cly.

Clytemnestra.

**A Act Interlude.**

**Clytemnestra.**

Welcom good messenger what newes, I pray the with the  
 messenger.  
 If please your grace even now the is, argued in this land  
 The mightey knight Bozell with, a mighty pe walt band  
 Who purposeth for to invade, this mynne Citie Stronge,  
 And as he goeth he leys, both to his, and castell all alonge,  
 It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,  
 By sodperes rage he straight is slayne, in myght of the felde.

**Go out.**

**Clytemnestra.**

Oh for is he come in dede, he is wellcom by this daye,  
 Egistus now in south is sped, from hence take you your way,  
 In to our realme and take by men, our trybut to defend,  
 Tyll your retourne this Citie, to have defence intend,  
 For all his strength he shall not get, to entre once hear in,  
 The walles be strong and for his sake, I sweare more pite.

**Egistus.**

**Enter a  
 woman,  
 lyke a be-  
 ger roun-  
 ning be-  
 fore they  
 sodier but  
 let the so-  
 dier speke  
 first, but  
 let y wo-  
 man crye  
 first pite-  
 fulley.**

With you be abell to defend, this Citie as you saye,  
 Farwell in south to get me men, I praye you to my waye,  
 And sone againe I wyll retourne, his paymtyd paye to tame,

**Clytemnestra.**

Farwell Egistus and in south, I praye you to the same,

**Sodper.**

Yeld the I saye and that by hand, or else by this sword  
 Or with this sword, in sayth thou shalt be slayne

**Woman.**

Oh with a good wyll, I yeld me to you

Good master sodier, have mercy on me

My husband thou hast slayne, in myght of the felde,

Yet this my prayer, do now not despyse

**Sodier.**

Come on then in hall, my prisoner thou art,

Come followe me I saye, we will now depart,

**Woman.**

A bawson slane I wyll teach the to saye

To handle a woman on, An other waye

To put me in feare, with out my dearte

I wyll teach the in saye to playe such a paye

**Go a fore  
 ber, & let  
 hez sal do  
 wne upo  
 the & al to  
 be beate  
 him.**

**Sodper**



Godper: I am glad to see you here.

Be contentyd good woman, and thou shalt be,  
Heaven heare after mylsted to me.

Woman: I am glad to see you here.

Paye bellyn slane, a meyned you shall make,  
In that thou be foxe me as pyssing by the lake.  
Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Godper: I am glad to see you here.

Paye save my lyfe, for I will be,  
Thy prisoner and lo I yelde me to the.

Come friend thou with me, and thy wepon thou shalt have,  
Syth that thou wilt satisfy, my lyfe for to save.

And backeys mynige tacke at home,  
And let me goe.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

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By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

Howe I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art,  
By his oundes horseon slane, this gose is thy harte.

take his  
wepon  
e let him  
ryse by  
then go  
our both.  
Enter.  
the Wyre  
synginge  
this song  
to the tune  
of the Pa  
vane.



Farwell

**A Acte Enterlud.**

**Farwell a delo to wares I muste**

**In all the hall.** *My lord and lady, I have brought you the  
My cosen cutpurse wyll I truste, as I have vnto you  
Your purse well taffe.*

**But to it man, and seare for nought,** *My lord and lady, I have brought you  
He saye to the it is well fraught.*  
**Wylth ruddoches red be at a becke,** *My lord and lady, I have brought you  
My ruddoches red be at a becke.*

**Go out.** **Beware the arse, breake not thy necke,** *My lord and lady, I have brought you  
Beware the arse, breake not thy necke.*

**Hozelles.**

**Hozelles.** **Come on my sodgers for at home, argued their love be,**  
**entrich in** **Where as we must haue our despayre, of els we must alle,**  
**his bande** **The walles be hye yet I intend, typon them first to go,**  
**e marche** **And as I hope you sodgers will, your captayne eke followe**  
**th about** **If I for sake to go before then say you eke be hynde,**  
**the stage.** **And as I am so eke I trust, my sodgers for to finde.**

**Com better barauld go proclame this mine first straight way**  
**To ponder citite say that I, am come to their decaye.**

**Unlesse they yeld I will destroe, each man woman e childe,**  
**And eke their towres that for the war, so strongly they do bylde**  
**Byd them in hast to yeld to me, for nough I do a byde.**

**But for their aunswear or elles fourthly for the e theres proude**

**Let** **Barauld.**

**pet go to** **Your gracions minde straight shalbe don, cum troset let be go.**  
**warde the** **That I haue don your message wel, your grace subwel shal know**  
**Citite and**

**blowe.** **Hozelles.**

**Bye the apase and let me haue, agayne an aunswear sone.**  
**And then anon thou shalt well se, what quickly shalbe done.**

**Barauld.**

**Let p tru,** **How who is their p keeper the gate gine care my words bnt**

**pet leaue** **Clytemnestra.**

**sounding** **what wouldst thou haue barauld declare, what hast thou her to do**

**e let bar,** **Barauld.**

**rauld spe,** **My master bydes the yeld to him, this citie out of hande,**

**ake e Cl,** **Or elles be will not leaue an stone, on other for to stande.**

**temnestra** **And all things elles within this towne, he will haue at his will**

**speake o,** **As pleaseth him by any meares, to sende or elles to spell,**

**met p wal.** **What you will now, therfor declare, e aunswere to him sende**

**Clytemnestra.**

**Hozelles.**

**Barauld.**



Of Myce

This Citie here against him, and his I will defende,  
Barrauld.

Then in his name I do desye, both the and all with in,  
Clytemnestra.

By him and his tell him in south, we do not set a pynt.  
Barrauld.

If it please your grace this word she sends, she will not yeld to ye  
But if you com unto your harme, she sayes that it shalbe.

Hozelles.

Let h ha  
raulde go  
out here.

With that my grace and eke good will, they on such sort dispise,  
For to destrope both man and chyld, I surely do deuise.

Com on my men, hand now your foyle, this Citie for to wynt,  
Saue no mans lyfe, y once should make, resistance there wint,  
And when you shall posses the towne, & haue all things at will,  
Looke but my mother but to her, do ye no kynde of yll.

Let her not die, though that she would, desiar the death to haue  
For other wyse my fathers death, reuengment doth craue.

Sodper.

We shall your helles obaye with speede, oh captayne we desiar,  
What we were there for to reuenge, our hartes are set on fyre.

Myce.

Lyke men by God, I sweare well sayd, Hozelles let vs go,  
Powre to thy men lyke manley hart, I praye the for to shewe.  
And as thou seist be firste the man, that shall the Citie wynt,  
How, how, now for to flye, all ready they begynne.

Go & ma  
ke your li  
uely bat  
tel & let it

Hozelles.

With lyuely hartes my troumpeters, erant your tubal sound.  
And now my sodpers in your harts, let courage eke be found.  
Com let vs go the godes for vs, shall make an easy waye,  
Spare none a lyne for I am bent, to seke their great decaye.

be longe  
eare you  
can win h  
Citie and  
when you

Clytemnestra.

A lack what heaps of myscheces great, me selly twight torment.  
Now is the tyme salane me vpon, which I thought to preuent it let  
Per best I seke my lyfe to saue, perhappes he will me here, elles by  
A lacke reuengment he dothe craue, for slaying his father dere. nge out  
If aney sparke of mothers bloud, remaynd within thy breste, his moth  
Oh gracious child let now thine eares, unto my words be prest er by the  
Wardon I craue Hozelles myne, saue now my corpes fro death arme & let

haue won  
it let Hoz  
elles by

D. 1.

Let h vrom

Of Wyce.

sease play  
ing & the  
trumpet,  
also when  
she is ta-  
ke let her  
knele do-  
wne and  
speake.

Let no man saye that thou wast cause, I yeldyd by my bzeath,  
I haue offendyd I do confesse, yet save my lyfe I praye,  
And to they mother this request, o knight do not denaye,  
Hozeles.

For to repent this facts of thyne, now that it is to late,  
Can not be thought a recompence, for kylling of thy mate.  
So haue her hence therfore with speede, & se her sureley kepte,  
And for þ fact a soze thou dydest, thou surley shouldst haue wept  
Wyce.

go out w  
on of the  
sodaires.

Ray, far you wel, in fayth you haue an answer, get you hence.  
Dundes of me I would not be, in her cote for forty pence.

Ray nay, a way, far well a dew, now now, it is to late.

When stede is stollen for you in south, to shut the stable gate.

She should haue wept whē first she went, þ king about to slay,

Let Hoze-  
les syth  
hard.

It makes no matter she soull well, dyd bzeade her owne decaye

Dundes of me what meane you man, begyn you now to saynt

Iesu god how styll he syttes, I thinke he be a saynt.

O w w, you care not for me, nay sone I haue don I warrant ye

Hozeles.

wepe but  
let Hoze-  
les ryle  
& bid him  
pease.

By all the godes my hart dyd sayle, my mother for to se,

From hys estate for to be brought, to so great myserey.

That all most I had graunted lyfe, to her had not this be,

My fathers death whose death in south, chafe causer of was he.

Wyce.

Euē as you saye but harken at hand, Egistus draweth nge.

Who purposeth the chaunce of war, Hozeles for to trye.

Hozeles.

Let Egi-  
stus enter  
& let hys  
men in a  
raye & let  
the drom  
playe tyll  
Hozeles  
speake.

And by the godes I purpose eke, my honour to defend.

Com on my men kepe pour araye, for now we do pretend.

Cather to be the conquerer, o elles to dye in felde,

Lyst by your hartes and let vs se, how ye your blose can yeld.

Egistus.

Lyke manley men adresse your selues, to get immortall fame,

Wt ye do lye lo what doth rest, behynde but soull defame.

Strike by your dñs let trūpets sound, pour baners eke display.

And I my selfe as captayne, to you well lead the waye.

Hozeles.

Thou traytoz to my father here, what makest the here in felde.

Repent



Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me strayght do yeld.

**Egistus.**

Thou pryncoks boy & bastard slaue, thinke thou me to subdew?

It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye I tell the crew.

But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode he bydes to fede.

Stryke by your dyouns & so ward now, to wars let us ppose.

**Horistes.**

Oh byllayne traygh toz now y gods, ne moztall man shall saue

Thy corpes fro death for blud for blud my fathers deth doth craue

Oh tpraunt fyse couldest thou boutsafe, my father so to slaye?

But now no forse for thou hast wrought, at last thine one deca

**Egistus.**

A lacke & lacke yet spare my lyfe, Horistes I the praye.

**Horistes.**

Thy lyfe naye traygh toz vyle, that chese I do denaye.

For as thou hast deseruyd, so I shall the fater requit.

That once couldest seme to me & mine, for to work such dyspight

Therfore com forth and for thy fater, receaue dew punnishment

Repent I say this former lyfe, for this is my iudgment.

What for my fathers death, the which we finde the chese to be,

The causer of thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death may se

And as thou for my fathers death, dew punnishment receiue,

So shall my mother in lykewise, for that she gaue the leaue.

Him for to slaye, and eke to it, with good will condysende,

Therfore com of and sone dyspatch, that we had made an end.

**Egistus.**

Ah beauey fate & chaunce most yll, wo worth this hay of mine,

For giue my faute you sacryd godes, and to my woordes incline

Your gracions eare for causer fust, I was this is most plaine,

Of Agamemnon death, wherfore I must receaue this paine.

Wardon I craue, boutsafe ye godes, the same to graunt it me,

Now subien worke thy will in hast, I praye the harteleg.

**Clytemnestra.**

Ah beauey fate would god I had, in to myple great byn slayne ther Cly-

syth nothing can Horistes hands, fro sheding bloud restraine

Myce. bnt let her

How chaunce you byd not the lament his father wher you stow? loke wher

But now when death doth you pzeuent, to late ites for to rew. Egistus

Clytemnestra. hangeth.

D.ii.

Stryke by  
your dru,  
& fyght a  
good whil  
& then let  
sum of E  
gistus me  
slye & the  
take hym  
& let Hor-  
istes drau  
him byo-  
lentlye &  
let y dzu  
seale.

sling him  
of y later  
& then let  
en bynge  
in his mo

tenestra

bnt let her

loke wher

Egistus

hangeth.

**A New Enterlude.**

**Clytemnestra.**

Yet hope I that he will me graunt, my lyfe that I should haue.

**Myce.**

Euē as much as thou voutsafest, his fathers lyfe to saue,  
Therfore com of we must not stey, all daye to wayght on the.  
Lo myghtye prince for whom ye sent, lo present here is he.

**Clytemnestra.**

Haue mercy sonne & quight remitte, this faute of mine I pray,  
Be mercyfull Horesses myne, and do not me denaye.  
Consider that in me thou hadest, they be wmayne shapē cōposid  
That thou shouldst slay thy mother son, let it not be disclosyd,  
Spare to perse her harte with sword, call eke vnto thy mynd,  
Edyppus sate and as Nero, shoue not thy selfe vnkynde.

**Horesses.**

Take do  
wne Egi  
ptus and  
bear him  
out.

Lyke as a bzaunche once set a spare, doth cause y tree to bourne  
As *Socrates* suppoeth so, a wicked wight doth tourne.  
Those that be good and cause them eke, his euell to sequest,  
Wherfore the poete *Iuuenal*, doth thinke it for the best:  
That those that lyue lycentiousley, should bydyd be w payne  
And so others that elles would syn, cherby they might restrain  
For thus he sayeth that Cities are, well gouerned in dede,  
Wher punnishment for wycked ones, by lawe is so decrede.  
And not decrede but exersysed, in punnyshinge of those,  
Which lawe ne pain fro waloung still, in vice their mind dispose.  
And as thou hast byn chiefes cause, of yelding by they bzeath,  
So call to minde thou wast the cause, of *Agamemnons* death.  
For which as death is recompence, of death so eke with the,  
For kyllyng of my father thou, now kylled eke shalt be.

This thinge to se accomplisht, reuenge with the shall go,  
Now haue her hence sieth y you all, my iudgment here do know.

**Clytemnestra.**

A lacke a lack w dyaue thy hand, my son from sheding blood.

**Myce.**

Thou art a foule thus for to prate, this doth Horesses good,  
Com on a way thou doubt no more, but him with wordes molest  
A foulyshe foull that thou wast ded, he takes it for the best?

**Clytemnestra.**

If euer aney pytie was, of mother plante in the,

**Let**



Let it apeare Horesses myne, and sholwe it vnto me.

Horesses.

What pyttie thou on father myne, dydest chesedley bestowe,  
The same to the at this present, I purpose soz to sholwe.  
Therfoze Reuenge haue her a way, and as I indgment gaue:  
So se that she in order lyke, her punishment be to haue.

Myce.

Let me alone, com on a way, that thou weart out of sight,  
A pesselaunce on the crabd queane, I thinke thou do delgght,  
Him to molest, com of in hast, and troubell me no moze,  
Come on com on, ites all in vaine, and get you on a foze,

Horesses.

Now speeth we haue the conquest got, of all our mortall soles,  
Let vs prouide that occasion, we do not chance to lose.  
Stryke vp your broumes soz enter now, we wyll the citie gate  
Foz now we resistaunce none there is, to let vs in there at.

Fame.

As each man bendes him selfe, so I reposit his fame in dede,  
If yll, the yll, thzough same tryp, his fame both straigh pzoide:  
If good, then good, thzough golden tryp, I blo his lyuely fame:  
Thzough heauens, thzough earth, & surgig lease I bere abzod & same  
perhaps what wylde me heather bzues, wylde your mids you muse  
From Crete I com to you my frends, I bzing this kind of newse  
That Agamemmons brother is arayed in this land,  
And eke wylde him his ladye saye, Quene Helen vnder stand,  
Wylde hom soz to se a great frequent, of people their aryue,  
This newse to shew at this present, me heather now dyd bzue.

Myce.



A new master, a newe,  
No lenger I maye:  
A byde by this daye  
Horesses now both reu.

A new master a new,  
And was it not yll:  
His mother to tell:

I pray you how sape you  
A new master a new,

Let Cly-  
temnestra  
wepe and  
go out re-  
ueng also

Enter in  
fame & let  
all & sody-  
ers solow  
him in a  
raye.

Enter the  
Myce sing-  
ing this  
songe.

# A New Enterlude.

Howe lates to lates  
To shut the gate?

Howe lates gines to rew,  
Fame.

*Denig non per uaz animo danti gloria nires:*  
*Essecunda facis pectora landis amor.*

As Ouid sayeth I am in dede, the spure to each estate,

For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate,

As fyll they lyfe, and eke I floure, the good more good to be,

So much the hart and will of man, is loked vnto me,

A new matter a new, naye I wyll go,

For tyme, howe lates to becom a newe minn,

How he soroweth to had that it is so,

Yet I wyll dresse him, by his oundes and I can.

Who sainte amen. God morrowe mylres pan,

By his oundes I am glad to se the so trycke,

Pan may I be so boula, at your lypres to haue a lycke.

Jesus how cope, do you make the same,

Don neuer knew me afore I dare saye,

In sayth, in sayth, I was to blame,

What I made no courchey to you by the waye.

Who becladpe Pan, thou art trym and gape,

Wh oundes of me, he hath winges also,

Who wbother with a mychese, doubt thou thinke for to go?

To heauen: or to helle: to pourgatozpe: or spayne?

To Wengs: to pourtugaully: or to the eyles Canarey?

May stay a wbole for a myle or twayne.

I wyll go with the, I sweare by saynt marey,

Wylt thou haue a bote Pan, ouer seay the to carey.

For yf it chaunce for to rayne, as the weathers not harde,

It may chaunce this trym geare of thine, to be marde,

Fame.

*Omnia si perdis, fam am seruare memento,*

*Qua semel amissa, postea nullus eris.*

A boue eache thinge kepe well thy fame, what euer y thou lose

For fame once gone they memory, with fame a way it gose,

And it once lost thou shalt in south, accompted lye to be,



A droye of rayne that faulpyth in, the bosom of the see,  
 We fame therfore as Ouid thinkes, no man hath powre to hold,  
 To those with whom I please to dwell, I am more rich the gold  
 That causid som for countreis soyle, them selues to perrell call  
 But that the knew that after death, y fame of thers shall last.  
 Not on, but all, do me desiare, both good and bad lyketwys,  
 As maye apeare yf we perpend, of Nero's enterpryse.  
 Which first did cause his masters death, & eke wheras he laye  
 In mothers wound to se in south, his mother dyd straight slay.  
 With this Dozestes eke takes place, whose father being slayn,  
 thzogh mothers gile fro mothers blod, his habs could not refraine  
 But lyke as he reuengyd the death, of father in his eyare,  
 So fathers bzyther in lyke sozt, Renenge hath set on spare.  
 For he is gon for to request, the ayde of prynces great,  
 So soze his hart is set on spare, thzought raging rigours beat  
 What to detarmayne all the kynges, of Grece argued be,  
 At Nestores towne that Athens bighte, their iudgment to rece

At Myce.  
 Dundes harte and nayles, naye now I am dyest,  
 Is the kinge Menalaus at Athens arguede  
 And I am behynd? to be parkinges the best,  
 Least the matter in south, to some be contrpyede.  
*Auxilla humilia firma, consensus facit,* this allspayes prouider  
 That consent maketh suckers most sure for to be,  
 Well I wyl be their draght, wylse you shall se,

Fame.  
 As Publius doth well declare, we ought chesest to se,  
 Vnto our selues that nought be don, after extremite.

*Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris.*  
 For loke what mesure thou dost mente, y same againe shalbe,  
 At other tyme at others hand, repayde againe to the.  
 Therefore I wyl the eache wight to do, to others as he would,  
 That they in lyke occasion, vnto him offer should.  
 Well forth I must som newse to here, for fame no where can stay  
 But what she hears thzoughout y world abrod she doth display

Prouicion.  
 Make roomie and gyut place, stand backe there a soze,  
 For all my speakinge, you presse sylly the moze,  
 D.iii.  
 Fine

# A New Enterlud.

Gue come I saye quickeley, and make no delayance,  
 It is not now tyme, to make any taryance:  
 The kinges here do com, therefore giue way,  
 Whelkes by the godes, I wyl make you I saye.  
 Lo where my Lord kynge Nestor doth com,  
 And Horestes with him Agamemnon's sonne:  
 Menelaus a kyng lykelyse, of great fame,  
 Make come I saye, before their with shame.

Nestor.

Nowe syeth we be here kynge Menelaus  
 Unto vs we praye you, your matter to saye.  
 For these prynces here, after they haue perpendyd,  
 If ought be amys, it shall be amendyd,  
 But syra prouision, go in haste and set,  
 Good kynge Idumeus, tell him we are set.

Prouision.

Go out.

Pause a  
 while till  
 he be gon  
 out & the  
 speak tre-  
 tably.

As your graces haue wylled, so tend I to do,  
 I wyl fetch him straght, and bringe him you to.

Horestes.

If ought be amys, the same sone shall be,  
 If I haue comytted amendyd of me:  
 But lo Idumeus the good kyng of Crete,  
 Is come to this place, vs so to mete.

Idumeus.

Enter I.  
 dumeus &  
 prouision  
 coming  
 w his cap  
 in his had  
 a fore him  
 & making  
 waye.

The Gods preserve your graces all, & send you health for aye.

Nestor.

Well com ster kinge the same to ye, contynewalley we pray.

Menelaus.

Two thigs ther is o kings, y moues me thus your ayds to pray:  
 And these be it the which to you, I purpose for to saye.

The one is this to here with I kynde, my selfe agreid to be,  
 That on such soyt my sisters layne, as all your graces se.

The other is that so her sonne, without all kind of right,  
 Should to his mother in such case, (I say) worke such dyspight.

These two bether, wherfore I crane, your ayds to toyn w me:  
 To the intent of such great ylls, reuengyd I may be.

That thus he dyd be hould the state, of all my brothers land,  
 And se I pray you in what place, the same doth present stand.

His



His crueltie is such in south, as nether to wet ne to lone, no  
That letted once his passage, but is brought into the ground:  
The fatherles he pytied not, where as he ever went.  
p agyd wight whose yeres before, their yonthly pource had spent  
The mayd whose parentes at the sege, defending of their right  
Was slaine, p same this tyrant hath oppressed throug his might  
The wido p throug forrayne wars, was left now comfortles  
He spared not, but them & theres, he cruelly dyd oppress.

Wherfore sith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can see,  
From Mycene land we should proude, him exlyd to be.  
Syth that you haue accused me, I must my answer wake,  
And here before these kings of Grece, this for my answer take  
Dounkel that I neuer ment, reuengment for to do,  
On fathers sole tyll by the godes, I was commaund there to.  
Whose heales no man dare once refuse, but willingly obeye  
That I haue sayne her wysfully, contrary you do saye.  
I dyd but that I could not chuse, ites hard for me to lye,  
Syth gods commaund as on would say, in sayth against p patk  
In that you say, I sparyd none, your grace full well may se,  
What yt tell mercy they supposyd, in south to shew to me.  
When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld,  
It is no less when sodaynes toyne, to fight with in a feld,  
Thus I suppose sufficiently, I answerd hane to end,  
Your great complaynt, the which you so, mightely did defend.

In dede as Hermes doth declare, no man can once eschew,  
The iudgment of god most iust, that for his fautes is dew.  
And as god is most mercifull, so is he iust lyke wyse,  
And wyll correcte most swerley those, that his heales dyspise.

As you good kyng Agamemnon, haue sayd so lyke wyse,  
Do thinke it trew therfore as now, I do him here desye.  
That one dare say p he hath wrought, p thing p is not right  
To here my gloue to him Ague, in pledge with him to fyght.  
I promys here to proue there by, wherles nought dyd do,  
But that was iust, that the gods, commaunded him that to,  
That he is kyng of Mycene land, who euer do denye.

**A New Interlude.**

I offer here my gloue with him, therfore to lyue and dye.  
 If none therbe wpll vnder take, his tyghtull to with saye.  
 Let vs be frendes vnto him nowe, my Lordes I do ye praye.  
 It was the parte of such a knyght, deuengyd soz to be,  
 Should Hozelles content him selfe, his father sayne to se.  
 No, no, a ryghtuous sake I thinke, the same to be in dede,  
 Spetty that it was accomplisht so, as godes befoze deserve.  
 In dede I must confesse that I, reuengyd should haue be,  
 If that my father had bpn slayne, with such great cruelte.  
 But yet I would soz natures sake, haue spard my mothers lyfe  
 Wherby she might haue, wthell beaft, no wyrtail blade and knyfe.  
 Seale of sps kyng leane moxning lo, mought can it you amplye.  
 Not with standing be ruled no to, we pray by our comasplite.  
 Consider first your one estate, consider what maye be,  
 A sopefull mene to end at length, this your valampne.  
 Hozelles be is younge of yeares, and you are somwhat old,  
 And soz color may your gract to lone, within her act in folde.  
 Therfore ites best you do forget, so shall you be at ease,  
 And I am sure Hozelles wpll, in denoz you to please.  
 So far as it soz him may be, with honoz lese to do,  
 He wpll not shynke but wpll consent, your gractis bydding to.  
 For assurance of your good wpll, Hozelles hys doth crane,  
 Your daughterd saye: Her name, in maryage soz to haue.  
 Whereby soz to contynue wpll, true loue and amytie,  
 That ought in sought betwixte to such, indifferet soz to be.  
 As soz my frendshyp he shall haue, the godes his helpe be.  
 But soz my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.  
 She is but yong and much bufet, such holy ryghtes to take,  
 Therefore sps kyngs at this present, no answer I can make.  
 She is a dame of comley grace, therefore kyng Menalays,  
 Graunt this to be this styfe to end, a kyng we do the praye.  
 For eache of them a grede be the other soz to haue,  
 God for graunt this that at the handes, so shall the be thau.



O nobell king what that it were, I could not you denye,  
I must nedes graunt whēnought I haue, against you to repley  
Hozelles here befoze these kinges, my sonne I the do make,

And the o kyng whyle lyke myght, so; father I do take.

Myght sofull is this thinge to be, and happy so; your state,  
Therfoze with speede let us go hence, the marriage to selebryte  
And all the godes I praye p̄salue, & kepe you both from woo  
Com on sy; king, shall we from hence, vnto our pallace go.

As it shall please your grace in dede, so we consent to do;

And we lyke wyse obgratious wyce, do condissend there to.

I woulde I were ded, and layde in my grave,  
Mundes of me, I am tremble p̄moucted,  
Ab, ab, ab, well now so; my laboz, these scynketes I haue,  
Whylse you not I praye you, how I am flouted,  
A bagge and a hottell, thus am I louted,  
Each knaue now a dayes, would make me his man,  
But chyll master them, I be his ounces and I can.

A begginge, a begginge, nay now I must go,  
Hozelles is marryed, god send him much care,  
And I Reuenge, am dyuen him fro,  
And then ites no marryall, though I be thus bare,  
But peace, who better then beggars doth fare.

For all they be beggares, and haue no great payt,  
Who is merper, then the pooreste sort,  
What shall I begges, nay thates to bad,  
Is ther neare a man, that a seruauit doth lacke?

Of myne honeste gentle woman, I would be glad,  
You to sarue but so; clothes, to put on my backe.

A waye with these rages, from me the shall packe.

What thinke you so; me, me your seruauit to make,

A nother wyll haue me, yf you me so; sake.

Wharhappes you all merryall, of this sodayne mutation,

How lone I was downe, from so hye a degree;

**A New Enterlude.**

To satisfie your myndes, I wyl puse a perswasion.  
This one thinge you knowe, that on canlyd ampte,  
Is vnto me reuenge most contrare,  
And we thwayne to geather, could not abyde,  
Whiche canlyd to lone, from the state to lye,  
Hozelles and his ouncell, kynge Menalaus,  
Is made such sure frendes, without peraduenture,  
Whrough the pollyce, of olde Idumen,  
That as, far as I can se, it is to hard to enter,  
He and thates hoyle, when I sought to ventyre,  
I was dypuen with out comfote, awaye from their gate,  
I was glad to be parking, for feare of my pace,  
Yet befor I went, my fancey to please,

The marpage selebayed, at the church I dyd se,  
Whyllinge I was, them all to dyssease:

But I durst not be so bold, for matter ampte.

Not by Menalaus, and boze him compunge,

On the other syde, Deuotey with Hozelles bonte swage,

So that I could not enter, by no kynde of waye.

Tell syeth from them both, I am banished so,

I wyl seke a newe master, yf I can him finde.

Yet I am in good comfote, for this well I knowe,

That the most parte of women, to me be full kynde,

Yf they saye near a worde, yet I knowe their mynde,

Yf they haue not all thinges, when they do desire,

They wyl be reuengyd, yf elles lye in the myre.

Pay I knowe their quallytes, the lesse is my care,

As well as they do knowe, Reuengys operation,

We faull to it good wyues, and do them not spare.

Pay Ille helpe you forwarde, yf you lacke but perswasion.

What man a moke is free, from inuasson.

For as playnely Socrates declareth vnto vs,

Women for the most part, are bozne malicious.

Wherhappes you wyl saye, maney on that I lye,

And other sume I am sure, also wyl take my parte.

Not withstandinge what I haue sayde, they wyl be pte,

Ye and do it I wyl, in spight of thy hart.

Yf therfore thou wyl, lye quetlye, after their desert.

**Reward**



Reuward then so shault; thou byddell their affection,  
And vnto they wyll, shall haue them in subjection.

In Athens dwellyd Socrates, the phyllosopher dyuine,  
Who had a wyfe namyd Exampyl, both deuotye and yll.  
Which twayne beynge faulne out, byppon a tyme,  
Perhappc thusc Exampyl, could not haue her wyll.  
He went out of dozes, syttinge there still.

He round him with a ppsot, and there he layd  
Was wet to the skynne, mooste pttifull to se.

I praye god that such dames, be not in this place,  
For then I might chaunce heare a mistres to gace.

Pay ye anger them; they wyll laye you on the face,  
Dreilles their naxles in your chekes, they wyll lyege

Pay lyke a rase, some of their naxles are wyth.  
What not for to pare, but to ent to the bone,

I count him most happett, that medelles with none.  
Well far you well, for I must be packinge,

Remembar my wordes, and beare it in mynde and nog  
Wha suffer the myll, a while to be clackinge,

of that you intend, aney ease for to fynde.  
When wyll they be to you, both louinge and kinde.

Farewell cosen cutpurse, and be ruled by me,  
Dreilles you may chaunce, to end on a tre.

Soth & the gods haue geuen vs grace, this realme for to possesse  
Which floppeth aboundantly, with gold & great riches.

Let vs now se how much the wilds, & minde of all this laide,  
Is vnto vs and of their state, lyke to be vnderstande.

I deme of them Dorelles myne, that they contentyd be,  
With humbell hart for to submyte, & kyng them selues to ye.

Wherfore my lone singular, their state is ptesente tyme,  
And of their hartes good wyll to vs, & kyng let them deuyne.

As I do lone the layde bright, so eke I thynke in dede,  
What lone for lone as equall, shalbe reuward of mede.

The gods neuer pralonge my tye, that day I shall a peare,  
C. 14.

Let De  
wy and  
Lo

# A New Enterlude.

Truth is To breake my sayth to the now playght, my louing lord so deere.

ke & cro-

wone in

their rig-

ht hands.

Commons. Of all your mindes for I desire, to knowe what case this land

Doth now consist, howe late the same, the first to shew to me,

And yf that shoulde be now amysse, amended soe that by your grace

Post regall by your grace we now are bound, of mostall foures heratiff

And throughe your grace we are bound, in loue to every nation.

So yf your nobelles may not lyne, in pleasure state fortaune,

Denoyd of wares & riches, whyle your grace doth ratify

The which your may pray the god, with happy days and hys

And after death to send you there, where to goe shall neuer mys.

As syne of our obedience, so Driny doth the Credond,

And Truth also which doth me bynd, they subiects to be found.

By Nobels all I gve you thanks, for this shew shewd to me

And as you haue so che wyl, I the lyke shew bynto you

By commons howe gose it is, your state now let me knowe

Where as such as you do raine, there nedes must riches be

We are o king eysed of the poke, which we haue so deffard.

The state of this our common welth, nedes not to be inqutary

Peace, welth, ioye, and selpectie, a thinge it is we haue,

And what thinge is there yf which, subiects ought more to craue

Byth all thinges is in so good state, my commons as you sage

That it may so contynue still, the sacred godes I praye, and

And as to me your trustyees, shall anye wayes be found,

So still to maintayne your estate, I further shalbe bound.

And for your saythfull hart, the which you graunted haue to me,

Both you my lordes, and commons eke, I thanke you hartely.

Therefore lych time wil haue an end, & now my mind you knowe

Let vs giue place to tyme, and to our pallase let vs go.

Let truth

& Driny

Crowne

Bozettes.

By Nobels

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Truth.

A kyngdome kept in Ampte, and boyde of dissention,  
He deuydyd in him selfe, by aney kynde of waye,  
Rather prouoked by wordes, of reprehention,  
Most nedes long comyn to, as Truth doth saye,  
For dissention and stryfe, is the path to decaye,  
And continuynge therein, must be hestred,  
Be quight ruinate, and broughte into stryfe.

Go out all  
e let truth  
e Dewtey  
speak.

Dewtey.

Where I Dewtey am neglected, of aney estate,  
Their stryfe and dissention, my plite do supplie:  
Cankred mallice pryde, and debate,  
Therefore to rest, all means do tye.  
Then ruin comes after, of their state whereby,  
They are bitterly reynygnyed, leuynge naught behynde,  
Wherof so much as their name we may fynde.

Truth.

He that leadeth his lyfe, as his phantasy doth lyke,  
Though for a while, the same he maye byke:  
For Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyll it seke,  
And so in a tyme, it wyll be dysceyke.  
Yet in such tyme as it can not, be denyed,  
But receiue de to punishment, as god shall se,  
For the sapyte comyned, most conuenient to be,  
As this storye here hath, made open vnto ye,  
Which yf it haue byn marked, much prophete maye aryse:  
For as Truth sayth, nothynges wyrtyn be,  
But for our learninge, in aney kynde of tye.  
By which we maye learne, the yll to dysceyke,  
And the truth to imitate, thus Truth doth saye:  
The which for to do, I beseech you maye.

Dewtey.

For your gentle patience, we gent your thanks hartely,  
And therefore our Dewtey weyed, let vs all praye,  
For Elizabeth our Queene, whose gracions maiestie:  
Maye rayne ouer vs, in helth for aye,  
Lys the moste conuenient, that each of them maye,  
Haue the moste grace, for thynges to praye.

Prayer.

Lord, we beseech thee, that we maye

# A New Enterlude of Wyre.

In settinge by vertue, and byce to correte.

For all the Nobyltie, and spiritualtie, let vs praye,  
 For Judges, and head officers, what euer they be,  
 According to our bounden duties, especially I saye,  
 For my Lord Mayre, defendour of this noble Cytie,  
 And for all his bytherne, with the commonaltie,  
 That eache of them, doinge their duties aright,  
 May after death possesse heauen, to their hartes delight.



Printed at London in Fleetstreet, at the signe of the  
 Fancon, by William Ipes, and are to be had  
 at his shoppe in Saynte Dunstons Church  
 yerde. Anno. Domini. 1567.



